

TEARS FROM HEAVEN'S FLOWERS



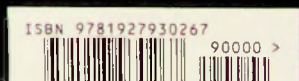
ABRAHIM AL-ZUBEIDI

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**Tears from
Heaven's Flowers**

is a modern anthology of poems rooted in a rich Islamic tradition conveying stories of great Qur'anic personalities, historic exemplars and war-torn children. This collection succeeds in bringing together deeply engaging rhythm and imagery, all the while conveying themes of the human plight, submission to and sacrifice for the truth, and our journey to the Divine.



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TEARS
FROM
HEAVEN'S
FLOWERS

Written by
Abraham Al-Zubeidi

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Cover calligraphy reads:

O Fatimat al-Zahra' (stem and flower); Husayn (right leaf); Zaynab (left leaf)

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TRANSLITERATION TABLE

Arabic has been transliterated according to the following key:

ء	'	ض	ḍ
ا	a	ط	ṭ
ب	b	ظ	ẓ
ت	t	ع	'
ث	th	غ	gh
ج	j	ف	f
ح	ḥ	ق	q
خ	kh	ك	k
د	d	ل	l
ذ	dh	م	m
ر	r	ن	n
ز	z	ه	h
س	s	و	w
ش	sh	ي	y
ص	ṣ		

Long Vowels

ا	ā
و	ū
ي	ī

Short Vowels

ـَ	a
ـُ	u
ـِ	i

DEDICATION

my Imam,

for you I give my life
and everything within

I pray I see the day
that I may fulfil

this promise

my father,

all the good in me
is from you

you are my roots

I am its branches

my mother,

as you sheltered me in your womb

I shelter you in my heart

forever my love grows

an endless journey

by you I start

my sisters,

petals on the flower

gentle in the breeze

beautiful

under the sun

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH
THE ALL MERCIFUL
THE ESPECIALLY MERCIFUL

All praise is for Allah — the Most Glorified, the Most High — who is the Lord of all realms, and may Allah's peace be with His final prophet and messenger, Muhammad, and his purified Household. These poems are a meagre attempt of one individual to reach out to others in hopes that, together, we migrate towards the Divine.

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WITNESS

Divine Beauty
flows
through the arteries
of the oceans



INTIMACY

I seek
the rivers of
honey and milk
golden robes
weaved with silk
above all
I seek
to be alone
with the Alone
in intimacy
when I prostrate and bow
love
between I and Thou
for my heart sees none
but Thee



THE MELODY OF LOVE

teach me to sing
show me the Tune
a melody for the King
a remedy for the soul
serenity as I spread my wings
praising
the Creator
rising to
the Illumination
to be with
You
in the gardens of salvation



LOVE

yearn to know
for knowledge
of Truth
becomes love
for the Above
and His
beloved



THE CHOICE

the choice between
being lost in the divided
tainted by the unclean,
being lost in the guided
sent by the Unseen



FELICITY

drowning in You
gives credence
to the felicity
that suffocates
me



MY DISCOURSE

my soul
penetrates
the highest heaven
which elevates
my love
for
the Source
my Recourse
my discourse
by You and to You
for there is no I
except
in You



THE DIVINE THRONE

what whispers in me
pulls blinds over my eyes
so I cannot see
so I may not kneel before the skies
yet I whisper to Thee
there is none but He

the whispers will fade
in the hurricanes made
by choosing to submit wholeheartedly
refusing to believe any whisper or lie
none shall be deceived
when the heart becomes alone
so it may seek to house
the Divine Throne



SPIRITUAL WARFARE

a war

on

the spiritual

battleground

where all was lost

but

He

was found



A WHISPER

a whisper through the air
a reminder of an idea
one that adds fuel to the fire in the heart
one that sets hypocrites and believers apart
one that the 14 stood for
Divine Love
open the door
close your eyes to see it
open your soul to feel it
a cry calling Husayn
whispers heard through the valley
a cry calling Mahdi
while some await silently
a whisper in the air
a reminder of an idea



THE ROSE IN PARADISE

I sit in paradise
your rose in my hand
my thorns prick my soul
as my blood flows
I mourn for you



THE PLEDGE

patiently awaiting the return
grasping onto the coal
my hands burn

awaiting to avenge the slain
in the morning pledge
we pray that if we die
we rise again



THE 14

my heart is broken

the 14

hold it together

to house

the Throne

of

the Divine



ZUBAYR'S SWORD

do not be
like the sword
that once defended
the truth
lost
confused
old in age
but a believer
in youth



I SEE

in the depths of my mind
I stand
broken, blind
hands raised to the Divine
I stand
alone in the darkness
seeking the Throne
surrounded by haze
through the mystery
through the confusion
I gaze

I see the humility
of Adam, our father
after he approached the tree
rather



I see
the ark
through the dark
drowning in the tears of Noah

I see
the shepherd of the ram
to be slaughtered
by Abraham

I see
Gabriel's and Michael's heavenly wings
carrying David and Solomon
the effervescent kings

I see
the sea
split by Moses when he
put his trust in Thee



flowing through me
the Spirit of Thee
now I see
the Divine Light

the Light foretold
in the tales of old
the Light to extinguish
the polytheistic flames
the Light which carries
the Greatest Names
manifesting
the One
from which they came



I see a light born from Light
crafted by the Hands of Might
gifted with the heavenly sword
I see the Guardian
of the Messenger of the Lord

by Muhammad's hands Divine Knowledge
he was fed
praised by the Lord to the angels
while sleeping on the prophetic bed

I see
the truth
seeking
this youth

I see but veils of secrecies
I seek to see the manifestation of
His majesties



with my hands raised
I whisper to Thee
to remove the haze
so I may see
who is this creation
that in his hands lies
Divine Salvation

my heart skipping pulsations
unstructured palpitations
purification through elevation
my lips tremble supplication

my Lord
remove me from me
allow my soul to drown in Thee
blind are my eyes
allow me to see



alone with the Alone
standing before the Throne

I see
what is sprinkled in me
overflows in Thee
the manifestation of
humility
serenity
the nurturer of the poor
victory by the Lord of the Home
prostrating
under the Kufan dome



I see
a ring given from his hand
while in front of his Lord
on earth he would stand
and in the heavens
he would reign
a donation
through supplication
that brought down Mercy's rain
rain now a flood
seeking the Divine
but in time my veins
no longer flow blood
but love for the Above
and His beloved
and near kin
what I seek and see
I found within



I see
the heavenly Throne
my Prince

the commander of those who believe
the silencer of those who deceive

the father of the Masters of paradisal teens
the purified from the unclean
the Guardian of the unseen
the manifestation of Yāsīn

I see
prophetic whispers
Ali Ali Ali

I close my eyes

I see
my commander, my Imam, my love
Ali



HASAN

the Prophet awaiting
the love in his heart pulsating
for the arrival of his son
Hasan

the lions of Ali raised him to the heavens
walking towards the Prophet
the Prophet's arms held wide

Hasan never reaches his embrace
arrows shot at him
after his death
Hasan buried in Jannat al-Baqi

the Prophet's arms are still open wide
Hasan looks to him in pain
he wishes to hold his father again



THE DIVINE CORD

as I struggle
they hack at my soul
with their sword
spiritually bleeding
as they try to cut
the divine cord



THE BURNING BUSH

You
are my
fire
I am
the burning bush
my leaves
now ash
the wind
takes them
away



THE TEACHER

seeking Knowledge
I walk along the river
stomach empty
cold and weak
I shiver
reciting whispers of
remembrance to the Giver

my legs dragged across the land
broken sandals
blood trails on the sand
my friend begins to say
while on my shoulder rests his hand
life appeared in the fish
we are close to the destination
it is now time to meet the originator
of Kumayl's invocation



a man whom we sought
a servant
the teacher who taught
the student
what he knew not

this story is recalled in
the Holy Book
in the chapter titled
'The Cave'

return to Him
humble your soul
rise
a slave



THE JOURNEY

I will build my ark
with wood
from the strongest tree
for the journey is long
the night is dark
and deep
is the sea



THE GREATER WAR

the war is over

the struggle begins

for the greater enemy

resides within



THE WORLD'S BOOT

holding onto the ledge
I begin to pull myself up
a boot crushes my hand
fingers broken
no longer holding on
I look up to see the face
a mirror
in its reflection I see
the world
pulling me down



BASKET OF REEDS

her love and tears were suppressed
as she gathered the reeds for her test
she crafted the basket for the blessed
and then fed the child from her breast
down the river
the basket progressed
the mother and angels watched
distressed
the basket was protected
by the Lord of the west
with this child
His Guidance
will manifest
and from the pharaoh
He
will deliver
the oppressed



FALLING

falling from heaven
gracefully into the darkness
my wings are broken



Eid is soon
we wait for the new moon
father takes me to the mall
to buy me ice cream and a balloon

I hold onto my father's arm
he is my protection from harm
but everything goes dark
and my ears begin ringing

the blood running on my skin
is what keeps me warm
to the world I look and ask, what is my sin
that I lost my family to the storm

*This poem is dedicated to the lives lost in the Middle East —
particularly in Iraq where there is ongoing terror attacks on innocent
civilians.



DROWNING

drowning, alone, suffocation
ego, growing, inflammation
dependence, Your Help, supplication
Guidance, Your Words, recitation
the night, Your Name, invocation
the Light, Your Flame, illumination
bewildered, Your Essence, prostration
seeking, Your Love, destination
drowning, in You, alleviation



THE BLOODY BALLOT

I pick up my ballot and
place it on the voting table
with my knife I cut my hand
blood is my ink
with my finger I write
by the end of this letter I will be dead
I know this message may not be read
yet what I write must be said

I will tell you who I am
I am who I am
the rubble from the war is my bed
bullets and shrapnel infused in my dough
thus, my daily bread
I wear a rag made from skin
white, black, brown and yellow
I am the one within



I am without a mother
children taken away from me
of millions, I am the father

I write to those who
want to lead
your names on the paper but
all I see is lies, lust and greed
take heed
onto this ballot I spill my soul
in the end you will have no control

there is a dream common amongst men
spoken by the tongue
written by the pen



the dream is one
without borders or race
not defined by one or many
not defined by time or place

the dream is felt by the heart
worlds apart
subject to countless assassinations
from the tyrants of the nations

yet it continues
radiant illumination
it speaks education
it teaches contemplation
it enforces reformation



apples grow on trees
we do not wait for them to fall
fuelled by pollen from the working bees
we shake the tree
it cannot stand tall

you feed us the love for the self
you tell us to live on our knees
we teach our young contentment is true wealth
we teach them to ignore this disease
to remove their knees
and to stand strong
reform is our lyrics
freedom is our song

this is the end of the letter
I speak from the dead
the living do not die
the message lives on



THE DRY SANDS

our soul subjected to drought
the water brings about doubt
the devils dance in the rain
they ask us to dance
water alleviates the pain
they give us one last chance
nay
we say
we do not bend our knees
for comfort, pleasure or ease
we welcome the drought
that slaughters the doubt
for our master Abbas
rejected the water with his hands
his blood nurtures the dry sands
a sacrifice for the Lord of the lands



THE SELF WHISPERS TO ABRAHAM

we whispered to Abraham
the father of the nation
you're old
it was just a dream
a silly hallucination
you need not slaughter your boy
he is your life
your love
your joy
it is enough for you to prostrate
you have already secured your fate
yet I watched
the ram of Abraham
submit to the Lord
in the ram's eyes
the Greater Sacrifice
pure blood on the sword



DO THEY BLAME ME

do they blame me

for calling

Your Name

when it is

You

who breathed

Your Spirit

through my veins

do they blame me

for seeking

Your Light

when all light

is derived

from

You



do they blame me
for trying,
the trials are many
the wait is long
but
You
are close

do they blame me
for crying
when
You
gave me
tears
to show my love
for
You



ORPHAN

walking a path
seeking the Light
the journey is long
no sleep at night

my mind flooded
question after question
what is the purpose of life?
its meaning, its lessons

the winds are cold
the clouds are old
my thoughts I hold
a secret untold



I see a child
she swings
silently
she sings

the playground is empty
no smile on her face
mystery in her eyes
darkness swallows the skies

excuse me miss, what's your name?
orphan, she replies
seek shelter my child
the monsters come out at night



as I turn away
she begins to say
the monsters
they are everywhere
they come here, and stand near
they point with their fingers
and with their eyes they stare
mister, you should know
I have nowhere to go

I turn to reply but the swing
swings empty
illusion or reality

walking a path
seeking the Light
the journey is long
no sleep at night



THE DIVINE RELATION

seeking potent inspiration
to revive the dying nation
lost in contemplation
spiritual deprivation
my soul under siege
demonic annexation
stagnant
at the first station
I reach for
the Divine Relation



THE CLOCK

tick tock

a new dawn born every day

a new moon in the high sky

is man aware of time and his loss?

nay

signs of the end of time

awakening the inner eye

tick tock

being divided by the idols they take

building houses of lust, greed, pride, hate

does mankind not contemplate

on what is to come

what they forsake

tick tock

use time wisely before death comes to your door

knock knock

tick tock



THE FORGOTTEN OATH

one soul
pieces torn
old in age
still born
falling
angels mourn
forgetting the oath
that I had once sworn



ALLEVIATED PRAYER

how long
have we waited
our blood paints the streets
our nights have no sleep
the earth holds our sons and daughters
orphans without shelter
our prayers are led by
those
who seek you
to lead them in prayer
when will our pain
be alleviated
with you leading
our prayer
when will our hearts ease
when will you
reappear



STRANGER

how strange

is a stranger

when betrayed by his friends

how strange

is a stranger

when betrayed by his friends

and family



THE LETTER

to the one whom I seek
my soul in fetters
bound by countless letters
I have written
to you
the tears are for you
invoking your holy kin
seeking you
from within
I kneel to praise
the Most High and Sublime
asking to hasten
asking to remove time
between me and you
there is no me
there is only
you



THE TEARS THAT GIVE LIFE

I write of a man
who saw his life taken
from his eyes
who saw the tears of the angels fall
from the skies
who was known as the one
who prostrated
all but God he negated
love for the Divine he illustrated
whispers of prayer he invoked
his whispers echo through the worlds
to awaken
the souls that all but a few
have forsaken
with him the legacy remains
as his tears give life to the call
O Husayn



FROM HEAVEN TO HER

from heaven to her
a blood trail
only to find
a crooked nail
crafted by evil and hate
although time stood still, I was too late

to the door I turn
smokeless flames burn
slowly it opens
shaken
the Throne
I enter alone



the divine house in flames

she calls

O Muhammad

O father of Hasan and Husayn

oh

how she lay on the floor

curled, by the door

none came to her aid

the daughter of the Prophet

alone

strange that from Medina they sent her out

the location of her grave, there is doubt

what is our sin

that our mother's grave

is hidden



I wish
my blood flows
and not hers
my scars open
when I remember
her

although time stood still, I was too late
crafted by evil and hate
a crooked nail
only to find
a blood trail
from heaven to her



ZAYNAB

she entered the gathering
of the son of ziyad
her head remained high
the daughter of Haydar
whose call shook the sky

his voice through her voice
when she said
we are the women of light
blood washed our men
the winds clothed them
yet our message remains
not bound
by Karbala's plains



THE SUN OF HUSAYN

few times
the sun altered its rotation
once when Joshua prayed
to the Creator of creation
twice
for Ali
whose wilāyah is salvation
and on the tenth day
the sun in hesitation
to continue its rotation
for it sought preservation
of the Ark of Salvation



yet at dawn
two suns rose,
one sun
with rays of grief
one son
whose voice
brought relief

Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar
the voice of Muhammad
the voice of Akbar

a voice calling
to the camp of Husayn
reminding them
that death may be near
that God is the only one we fear
and to the teachings of His Messenger we adhere
a voice that brought them to tears



when the companions fell
the dwellers of hell
witnessed
the Prophet rise again
but it was not the Prophet
it was the son of Husayn

Akbar approached his father
Husayn is from me
and
I am from he
echoed in Husayn's mind
as his eyes lay upon a man
who resembled
the Mercy of Mankind



with Akbar's request
Husayn had only one thing to say
know how much the women of
the purified Household love you
go bid farewell to them
before you go away
Akbar, you are my life
if only you knew

Akbar kisses
the hands of his mother
bids farewell to the others
and then
prepares to leave,
as he goes to step out
a hand grabs his sleeve



Akbar turns his head
his eyes lay upon
an unexpected sight
holding onto his sleeve
his grandmother
the Lady of Light

Fatimah looks to Akbar with teary eyes
eyes witnessed before
by the skies
the same eyes that bled
with the Prophet's death
the same tears she shed
with the Prophet's last breath

Akbar looks down
her eyes he cannot bear to see
he looks to his sleeve and counts hands
there are now three



Zaynab
Sukayna and
his mother, Layla

all stand
hearts beating as one
tears meet on the sand
the women cry to Akbar
stay with us, they plead
upon Akbar's shoulder now rests
a familiar hand

Husayn pulls Akbar towards him
and he looks to Layla
insisting
Akbar must go
awaiting him is a fate
that they have all come to know



the women say their final goodbye
peace be upon you, O Muhammad
peace be upon you, O Akbar
they cry

Husayn whispers to Akbar
may God be with you, my son
take this sword and this shield
ride into the battlefield

but please
come back to me
for I will not be able to see
after this day
if you do not rise in the sky
to illuminate my way



Akbar turns towards the enemies
the hooves of his horse scraping the sands
his horse begins to trot

Husayn lingers behind him
concealing his sadness and tears,
in his eyes sorrow appears
Akbar stops as he hears a sound
the sound of feet
being dragged across the ground
the sound of the heavens and the earth
weeping

Akbar turns around
he sees what the blind cannot
his great-grandfather
wiping the tears from Husayn



as he steps closer he comes to realise
it was not the Prophet
but himself
Akbar was comforting Husayn
Akbar was easing his pain

father, why do you follow me and cry
O Akbar,
the Prophet has said
Husayn is from me
and I am from he
I gaze upon you
when I yearn for my grandfather
know
that if you had a son like you
you would follow him too
know
that you are from me and I
am from you



Akbar now rides towards the enemy
a cry from Akbar
shakes the pillars of the heavens
a cry from Akbar
pierces the ears of the demons

I come from the lineage
of the best of creation
my forefathers Muhammad and Ali
the leaders of the nation
I raise my sword
forged with Divine Relation
I defend the truth
from demonic annexation

what happened after to the camp of Husayn
the heart trembles to say
two suns rose at dawn
but only one sun shined bright that day



a spear forged in hell
carried by a man
whom the devil knew well
was thrown at Akbar's heart

angels flapped their wings
to create winds
that may divert the spear
from Akbar's chest
yet
the spear pierced
the heart of the blessed



Husayn sees Akbar bathed in blood and sand
Akbar reaches out to Husayn with one hand
he whispers
forgive me father

tears fall as rain
from angels and jinn
as Husayn asks Akbar a question
burning within

why, O son,
do you embrace me with only one arm
this action brings my heart harm
for upon the Prophet's death
I embraced him with both arms
he embraced me as well



Akbar moves his hand
Husayn sees the spear tip
that pierced Akbar's heart
yet his heart continues to beat

Husayn looks to Najaf at that moment
O Haydar, your strength is more potent

Husayn
places his hand over the spear tip
feeling the pulse of Akbar's heart
with every pulse
Husayn's soul
torn apart



as he sends his final farewell to Akbar
his heart begins to burn
to Him we belong and
to Him we return

Husayn feels Haydar's strength in his arm
as he begins to pull out the spear tip
pulling out the soul of Akbar
while heavenly blood drips



TEARS OF SALVATION

truthful is the Lord's Word
on the day the trumpet is heard
to Him all of creation
are returned
about the state of their soul
they are concerned
not equal
are those who do not know
and those
who are learned
not equal
are those
who are lost
and those
who yearned



upon us is the Judgment
the Final Hour
patiently
we await
the Decree
of the Almighty
of the All Power

there are those
who shed tears
for their sins over the years
and from the punishment
they fear

while there are others
who shed tears
for those slain by the sword
for the heads on the spears



an angel calls
Judgment
has come on this night
creation
bow down
for
the Lady of Light

angels descending from the skies
creation lowers their eyes
eyes to the floor
the Lady walks through
a burning door

gracefully she walks
yet her feet are heavy
a sorrowful sadness buried within
withholding her heavenly tears
accompanied by her holy kin



as she walks
in her arms
the secrets of judgment
wrapped
in cloth

the cloth dripping
blood and light
the cloth crimson red
her veil radiant white

the Master of Women
now stands high
raising the secrets of judgment
to the sky

she unbundles the cloth to reveal
the protection of the Prophetic Seal
the hands of Abbas



to Husayn
Abbas's hands were his shield
Fatimah's pain
can no longer be concealed

her left
covering her broken rib
her right
lifting the hands of Abbas

her tears flow
down her cheek
soft yet strong
she begins to speak



peace be upon
the Masters of the Youth of Paradise
peace be upon
my son Husayn
the Greater Sacrifice
peace be upon
my son Abbas

Fatimah's eyes look towards creation
their hearts ruined by palpitations
tongues subject to dehydration
the misguided
blinded by illumination
the guided crying
seeking salvation

the Lady of Light
begins
to narrate a narration



on the night of Ashura
on the land of Karbala

Husayn gathers the women,
children and men
he swears by the tablet
he swears by the pen
that this is the last night
before the Great Sacrifice
from one heart to another
he speaks advice

to the women and children
I remind you of patience
your tears are only for your Lord
fear only Him
pay no heed
to the enemy's sword



to Sham
the walk is long
be wary, there is no rest
with patience
you will pass this test

to Zaynab
in the castle of the son of ziyad
do not lower your head
you will be tied with chain and rope
speak of the living
remain strong
your veil is our hope

to Zayn al-'Abidin
my son, protect the truth
bring with you my head
on the Arba'In



Husayn then turns to his brother
O Abbas,
you came into the world crying tawḥīd
defending the dīn
alongside my father
in the Battle of Ṣiffīn
another Ali
for those who have seen

you are my father's son
in you I see his bravery
in you I see his love
protect our women from slavery
mount your horse
take our flag
raise it high above



raise it high
for those to see
the message of
there is no god but He
and Muhammad is His messenger

Abbas mounts his horse
and begins to trot around the camp
Abbas comes to pass
many tents

he sees the closest in creation and morals to
the Mercy of Mankind
between Layla and Akbar
only love he could find



he comes to pass 'Awn and Muhammad
and their mother Zaynab

Zaynab sees Abbas
she smiles knowing that
her protector is near
and there
is nothing to fear
as long as Abbas is here

Abbas then sees the mother
of the six-month-old baby
with her love, keeping him warm
rocking him to sleep
protecting him from tomorrow's storm



Abbas treads upon a tent
a young girl crying
a river of tears
Sukayna
the daughter of Husayn

Abbas holds Sukayna close
her tears and sadness
he attempts to contain
he asks her
why are you in pain



Fatimah now looks to Abbas's hands
in his hands
his blood is mixed with her tears
in his palms
a vision appears

Abbas by the river kneeling
gazing into the water that was cold
the reflection revealing
Ali ibn Abi Talib
sixty-three years old



Ali speaks
O Abbas,
on the day of my death
during my last breath
I took your hand
and placed in it
my trust

Husayn, the light of Fatimah's eyes
and Zaynab, our veil
what is your excuse
to the Lord of the earth and the skies
should you betray my trust
should you fail



never
the soul of Abbas cries
by Fatimah
for them, I will give my hands
and my eyes
as long as I walk on the land
our flag shall be raised high

O father,
your trust
I will never deny

Fatimah now sees
Abbas rise from the water
heading back to the camp
to the mothers and the daughters



no longer
can Fatimah narrate,
for she
begins to supplicate
for Abbas to make it back to Husayn
for Abbas to comfort their pain

her tears now overflow from the palms
and flow to the ground
her tears now flowing through souls of creation
those who denied and rejected have now drowned
those who believed have now attained their
salvation



KUFAN LETTERS

reading the letters of history, we ask
with whom do we stand
would our hearts correspond
with their written demand

our body and soul
imprisoned in fetters
in lies and deception
like the Kufan letters

the Kufan letters calling
promising support and love
promising to stand with Husayn
defending the Lord above



Muslim is sent
as Husayn's right hand
away from Mecca
towards the Kufan land

as time comes to pass
the truth is made apparent
what was promises of love and support
was nothing but deceit and lies

the Kufan behaviour is not one to condone
for now Muslim
lingers in the streets alone
no place to sleep
his hunger and thirst have grown
no shelter from the night
cold to the bone



upon a door he comes to stand
is there really no support
in the Kufan land?
he raises his fist, knocks, then rests his hand
remembering Husayn
Muslim's tears water the sand

a lady, of the Divine Love she was a receiver
a devout follower of the Prince of Believers
she looks out as she slowly opens the door
Muslim and the lady have modesty
both eyes on the floor
the silence is broken as Muslim makes a request
I am a stranger in this land
alone and oppressed
my tongue is dry
for water he stressed
so the lady went to get water
for the blessed



although the cup was drained
and Muslim's thirst sustained,
at the door
he remained
the lady began to say
perhaps you have something to say to me
or maybe
a letter for me to see
otherwise
I forbid you to stand here
so move on from my sight
be clear
moments passed
the lady asked him again
what do you want?
what is your name?
O man, reply to me
your state brings me pain



to which Muslim replied
O lady,
I will tell you who I am
so maybe
you can provide me a place
of solitude and safety

Banu Hashim is my clan
my uncle is Haydar
the Prince of Jinn and Man

O lady,
I am a stranger here
and this state brings me pain
O lady,
I am Muslim
the messenger of Husayn



the lady now stands there
sadness
overcomes her soul
Muslim come in
Muslim come here
of her tears she had no control

she whispers
as Muslim enters her residence
Muslim is my guest
what a blessed day
O son of Aqeel,
forgive my hesitance
I did not recognise you
enter your home
and blessed be your stay



family does not always mean love and trust,
for her son
blinded by lies and lust
spoke of
where Muslim rested that night
and then came the army
at dawn's first sight

when the soldiers came to pass
Muslim reminded them of the past
of his uncles, Haydar and Hamza
and his cousin
Abbas



but they surrounded Muslim
and took him to the son of ziyad,
the tyrant who
claimed to be a Muslim

upon entering the castle
the cursed shimr calls out,
the son of ziyad is our prince,
of this there is no doubt
so why, O Muslim,
your greetings you do not send

he is not my prince, to him
my knee does not bend

Husayn is my prince
Husayn is my light
for him I give my left and right
my allegiance is for Husayn
only for him I will fight



as they take Muslim to the highest place
tears and blood stain his face

with his final breath
he whispers to Husayn

peace be upon you, my beloved,
from Kufa you must abstain
for their letters drown in
lies and deceit
for their souls are bound
by sinister chains
be careful,
my beloved Husayn

like his uncle Ja'far
Muslim spread his wings to fly
while his body hit the earth
his soul reached the sky



JACOB'S EYES

tears have been shed
eyes have gone blind
our souls have bled
our spirits confined

patiently anticipating
quietly suffocating

waiting

for the call from the skies
for the Saviour to rise



OUR OATH

with every moment that comes to pass
with every breath before our last
with every tear our cheeks embrace
with the mercy that we are blessed with
the Divine Grace

we swear an oath
that by the Lord's Name
we will not forget Husayn

we swear by the moments before Adam
approached the tree
by the names He taught the angels
the Prophet and his trustees
by the unified worship
before ego engulfed the jinn
by the Holy Lights purified from sin
we swear that we will never forget Husayn



we swear by the ark built by the hands of Noah
by the creatures that boarded the ark
two of every creation
by He who created them and gave them a soul
by the whispers that protected the ark
from the rains of damnation
we swear we will never forget Husayn
the Ark of Salvation

we swear by the home that was raised by Abraham
by the vision that he saw in his dream
by the blessing given to him when he was old
by his son who submitted
to what his father was told
we swear that we will never forget Husayn



we swear by the birth of the Prophetic Seal
by the Message that he came to reveal
by his family that for three days
gave up their meal
by the sword made from heavenly steel
we swear we will never forget Husayn

we swear by the battles that took place
to defend the truth
by the takbīrs roared by the Lion of Allah at Badr
by the obedient who stayed on the hill at Uhud
by the few who stood strong at Hunayn
we swear we will never forget Husayn

we swear by the hands created by the Divine
by the hands that breached Khaybar
by the hands kissed by Haydar
by the hands raised by Zaynab
we swear that we will never forget Husayn
and the severed hands of Abbas



we swear by the fortieth day after Ashura
by the head that was returned to Karbala
by the tears shed
when the women visited their martyrs
by their sons, brothers and fathers
we swear we will never forget Husayn
the Master of Martyrs

we swear on that by which there is no other
by he who is from the Prophet
and the Prophet is from him
by the trust given to Abbas
on the day of Ali's death
by the veil of Zaynab that was under oppression
by the stance made by Husayn
against the false succession
we swear that we will never forget Husayn



we swear by the love Layla had for Akbar
by the sandals worn by Qasim
by the soft neck of the youngest martyr
by the eyes of the Prophet's daughter
who bore witness to the slaughter
we swear that we will never forget Husayn
and that we will chant, breathe and call

by God, O Zahra', we will never forget Husayn
our oath, O Zahra', we will never forget Husayn



THE FORSAKEN QUR'AN

the foundations of Light have been shaken
the Recitation forsaken
the Light who chose God
and whom
God chose
from us
was taken



ALI AL-ASGHAR'S LULLABY

on the day of Ashura
on the plains of Karbala
Husayn's sacrifice foretold
there was a mother within
the camp of Husayn
between her hands
a baby six months old
whispering to him
yet heard across the lands
she says
go to sleep my darling
listen to me as I sing
these words will protect you from harm
these words will make you calm



my child, my love, you are my world
for nine months in my womb you were curled
when I first held you in my arms
I promised to protect you
from all the world's harms
although you couldn't speak
from happiness, I became weak
I held you close and you made me strong
nurtured in my arms
through the days and nights long
but now, I see you hungry and thirsty
choking on the dry air
but do not fear, my dear
I am here
close your eyes
sleep my love
don't you cry
listen to my lullaby



my baby, be still
your face is pale white
seeing you like this makes me ill
don't cry, we will make it to the night
of your pain, my love, I am aware
for our hearts are one
and the pain is one we share
I see your hands raised pleading
to the Lord asking for meaning
but rest now my child
keep steady your breathing
do not be upset
or have worry on your face
your mother is here
come to my embrace
to my love, my mercy, my grace



sleep, my child, sleep
let your eyes rest
dry up your tears
and have no more fears
your uncle Abbas has gone to the river
he will return and with him a bag of water
my comfort, my love
you have a special place
with your Lord above
sleep and wait
your uncle has been gone for a while
he will not be late
he will not keep us waiting
my baby, let sleep be your fate
as I softly narrate



don't worry my child
here comes your father Husayn
with him you will be in a haven
go to sleep and when you awaken
your lips won't be dry
there won't be a need to cry
your thirst will be quenched
with Divine Rain
no more pain, my love
no more pain
you are with your father
you are with Husayn
close your eyes my love
close your eyes
as the angels sing
your lullabies



THE FIRST MAJLIS FOR HUSAYN

we remember Husayn
on the day he stood
on the Karbala plain
on the earth the colour
of the holy blood that was shed
the sands not yellow
but crimson red

Fatimah walks
Husayn in her womb
bathed in mercy and love
Fatimah could not help but hear
crying
from the heavens above



the moon refuses to set
to shelter Fatimah and Husayn
from the heat of the sun
while the sun lingers in the sky
to provide light
for Ali ibn Abi Talib's son

on the day of his birth
the sun and the moon rose together to witness
the birth of the man
whose name
is the means to Divine Forgiveness



born into the world
in the Prophet's arms
Husayn is safe and protected
the Prophet's cheeks
taste his tears
he is affected
by the Great Sacrifice
in the years to come

the Prophet turns his face
hiding his tears from Fatimah,
Husayn's beloved mother

Fatimah sees light
reflect in the Prophet's beard
a light reflecting from his holy tears
is Husayn not healthy
is there something wrong
she fears



the Prophet holding Husayn
close to his chest
with a deep breath
he tells Fatimah, Ali and Hasan
what will happen to the blessed

he tells them how
Husayn and his camp
will be oppressed

He tells them of
the companions and their bravery
not bending their knee
refusing slavery



he tells them how Habib
will bring them to Zaynab
swearing to her their loyalty
by God
companions never seen
by any royalty

he tells Ali
how the companions
will fight till their last breath
some undressing their armour
yearning for martyrdom
wishing for death



the Prophet cries
with tears that have never touched his eyes
he looks to Husayn then to Fatimah
he cannot bear to see Ali
he tells them of Ali al-Akbar
and what will come to be

how once Akbar bids farewell
and approaches the battlefield
Husayn will linger behind him
his tears and pain concealed

how Akbar says I am Ali
the son of Husayn, the son of Ali
I raise my sword to defend the truth
to defend my father



he hesitates to look at Husayn and at Ali
for he comes to know
that a spear will hit Akbar's heart
as the final blow

Ali looks towards his child
whispers under his breath

how could I
pull out the spear tip
how could I
see his heavenly blood drip



the Prophet mentions Abbas
the Moon of Banu Hashim
the son of Ali, whose face
to the enemies
would turn grim

the Prophet tells them how
Abbas will protect Zaynab
until his last breath
he tells them what will happen to
Abbas
before his death

Fatimah's heart mourns Abbas
that is why it is said
that on the day
when we rise from the dead
she will rise with the hands of Abbas
while her tears are shed



Hasan whispers to Husayn
a saying that will always burn
there is no day like your day
to Him we belong and to Him we return

the Prophet holds
Husayn dearly
looking into
Husayn's eyes, he sees a sight
the grandchild of
the Lady of Light
the suckling child of Husayn

Husayn begins to cry
for he knows the Prophet can see
an arrow piercing the softest skin
under the sky



the Prophet tells them
to have patience on that day
for Husayn will stand
on the plains of Karbala
looking to his left
looking to his right
crying out to creation
come towards the truth
come towards the Light

yet the response will be silent

while the five of the cloak mourn
a shadow from their tears is born
an old lady
her hijab torn
whispering
as she begins to mourn



O father,
when I was young
I sought refuge in your arms
from the evil of the world
and all its harms

O father,
for you the sun stood still
but for me the sun rose high
while blood rained
from the sky



O father,
my soul has had no rest
my tears were suppressed
as I saw the horses
break Husayn's chest

O father,
please hold me again
protect me
comfort me
ease my pain



the Prophet's eyes rest on his daughter
Fatimah's eyes are on Husayn
she whispers to him
O light of my eyes,
O Husayn

the tears of the five sparked a flame
a flame that would grow
when one hears Husayn's name
a flame in the hearts of the lovers of Husayn
a flame impossible to tame

Fatimah had only one question
burning in her heart
in deep suppression,
who will cry for my Husayn



TEARS FROM HEAVEN'S FLOWERS

Zaynab, seven years old
a dream haunted her soul
to Rasul Allah
her vision she told
while in his final hours
while tears flow
from heaven's flowers

in her vision she sees
darkness swallow the skies
the winds carry blood
rains of damnation
the great flood
Zaynab seeks a tree
under the branches
she sits on the mud



the tree has been growing for
thousands of years
fertilised by the blood of the martyr
and the tears of the weeper
the limbs of the tree
protect Zaynab

a branch
crafted by the Divine
a light created from the Light
from the darkness, lightning appears
and strikes the branch

a branch
pure light
grown from the fruits of heaven
a nail falls from the skies
and pierces the wooden flesh



a branch
made from heavenly steel
struck by a sword
falls to the land
in prostration to the Lord

a branch
noble and strong
yet the rain
exposes its veins
weak and filled with poison

a branch
shadows Zaynab
protecting her from the rain
the rain turns to blood
and arrows shower the branch



although the tree stands tall
the final branch breaks
Zaynab wakes

Zaynab, seven years old
a dream haunted her soul
to Rasul Allah
her vision she told
while in his final hours
while tears flow
from heaven's flowers

Rasul Allah begins to speak
tears flow down his cheek
my beloved Zaynab
you will see the fall
of the heavenly cloak
held by
the branches of the purified oak



the first branch is me
soon I will pass
go to the door
and you will see
the Angel of Death

the second branch
is the Mother of Her Father
crushed by the door
her stillborn
on the floor

the third branch is our Prince
you are the adornment of your father
to him you are dear
in his final moments
comfort him and be near



the fourth branch
is your brother
Hasan
as air fills his lungs
poison flows
through his body

before Rasul Allah begins to reveal
who the fifth branch is
Zaynab's tears
she attempts to conceal
as her eyes journey to Husayn
her brother,
O son of my mother
after you
I will have no other



the Prophet whispers
Zaynab, you are the light of my eyes
rain will continue to fall from the skies
the winds are strong
the storm is long

for this tree
we have given our blood
from this tree
the Saviour foretold
my daughter Zaynab
onto the trunk you must hold
seek its warmth in the nights of cold



they will come to uproot the tree
those who are blind
are not like those who see
protect the tree
with your beauty

your eyes will see
nothing
but beauty

Zaynab, seven years old
a dream haunted her soul
to Rasul Allah
her vision she told
while in his final hours
while tears flow
from heaven's flowers

Omran Omer
for your sincerity
in manifesting God's Beauty
through calligraphy

Shahad Judi
for dedication and skills
in manifesting God's Beauty
in the design of this book

Syed Danyal Naqvi
for enduring support
for friendship
for brotherhood

the lovers of God
for seeking the truth
in everything you see
in everything you read

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abraham Al-Zubeidi is a poet and spoken-word artist based in Australia. Although he has been writing for only a few years, he identifies with a rich tradition of poetry. His work is a cumulative representation of his experiences growing up as a Muslim-Australian.

Abraham is an educator who is working towards a master's degree in education after having completed a bachelor's in engineering and another bachelor's in business management from Swinburne University of Technology in Melbourne, Australia. In his free time, he enjoys reading and spending time with family and friends.

His work *Tears from Heaven's Flowers* is a humble attempt to bring readers closer to God, the Prophet and the purified Household.